FLICK
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THE MAGAZINE OF EROTIC MOVIES
"VAMPYRES:" TWO GIRLS WHO SUCK
THE SEX GAMES OF "PAMELA MANN"
RAUNCHY REVIEWS!
REVELATIONS OF A PORN KING
"SLIP UP'S" SCREWING MACHINE
PORN FOR THE HOT-BLOODED WOMAN

VAMPYRES

FLICK

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BULL SESSION

Harry Reems

Georgina Spelvin

Darby Lloyd Rains

Eric Edwards

I have heard a number of X-rated moviegoers complain that they continually see the same tired tits or the same weary pricks in practically every film they see. And it's true that certain personalities *are* overexposed (in more ways than one). Isn't it possible, such people ask, to see a movie without Harry Reems or Georgina Spelvin? Why can't the producers of such flicks find new faces and bodies? There must be some budding talents out there somewhere.

Well, it's a legitimate gripe, and I believe worthy of discussion here. First of all there are very good reasons why certain movie-makers used the same people time and again. Porno films are shot on minimal budgets in a period of time sometimes spanning less than a week. Many producers are afraid to hire new talent in pivotal roles because 1) not all actors who think they can perform sexually before a camera can actually do so, and 2) some actors and actresses can prove to be undependable and walk out in the middle of shooting. Because of shooting deadlines, either one of these occurrences can be costly, even fatal to a new movie. Therefore, producers look for people they know regard their work professionally, are dependable, and have no difficulty performing. This is particularly a problem when it comes to casting men, since women can fake sexual orgasm, but with a man, everything shows. A cock is either erect or it isn't.

This explains to some degree why you may tend to see more new leading ladies than you do men. It also explains why Harry Reems (with Eric Edwards running second) might be considered the "king of porno actors." Harry not only can perform well, but has amazing regenerative powers, making him a favorite with porn filmmakers.

Georgina Spelvin is popular for another reason, aside from her professionalism and dependability. She is first and foremost an actress, and many women in X-rated films are strictly performers. They're great when it comes to sucking cock, grunting and groaning in the throes of sexual passion, but give them a line to read and—forget it!

There is another reason why time and again you are likely to see the same people in these films. Although the word "clique" probably does not apply per se, it is true that the headliners in porno movies are friends, even see each other socially. Often if you look at the credits of porn films, you will see that one of the performers was in charge of casting. For example, Darby Lloyd Rains, a very familiar feminine face and body on the porn circuit, was in charge of casting for *Slip Up* (reviewed in this issue). Naturally Darby made use of people she knew, had worked with before, and who were dependable.

When you do see a new actor or actress in a leading role, the chances are good that he or she has been in other films in smaller, supporting roles and has proven his or her versatility and professionalism.

And any filmmaker who casts a role knows that certain people 1) will act well together and 2) have certain sexual preferences. If a movie has a great deal of lesbianism in it, for example, a director would not use an actress who hates cunnilingus, or if an actor dislikes anal intercourse and prefers screwing his leading ladies vaginally, he will not be hired to perform such scenes. In essence, the more versatile an actor or actress is sexually, the more likely you are to see him or her in a leading role.

Anyone who has aspirations to be a porno star may find it difficult to get jobs—unless (as in legitimate films) he or she works his or her way up to the top. The progression is often faster, but bear in mind people like Harry or Georgina or Darby have earned their star status because they *are* good performers. The quality of the films they are in is improved because they're in it—and although we agree that there should be more new faces, we also realize that in order to produce the best movies possible on a limited budget, it is sometimes difficult, even impossible.

—Bob Anselle, Editor

Letters to INTER COURSE the Editor

Dear Editor:

I just bought the first issue of *Flick* and would you believe? I've fallen in love—with Brigitte Maier. Boy, I'd love to get my hot tongue into her juicy snatch—and that's just for starters. Then I'd like to screw her face, her cunt, her ass—in short, any opening she's got is good enough for me. I don't know if *French Blue* is going to come to my neck of the woods, but I doubt it. They're pretty stuffy in Maryland. If necessary I'll drive out of state to see it—and to see that little lady in person, I'd drive to hell and back.

Best wishes.

L. K., Baltimore, Md.

Dear L.K.:

Brigitte's snatch is not up for grabs, but who knows? If you ever become a male porno star, maybe you'll get your chance. (Ah, Brigitte, you've done it again, you heartbreaker you!)

Editor

Dear Editor:

I took my wife to see *Wet Rainbow* and that scene where Harry Reems fucks his wife in the ass was fabulous. After the movie Mary—that's my wife—and I went home to experiment. But it didn't work out as smoothly as it did in the movie. She said it was too painful for her and although she was turned on to the idea of getting fucked in the ass, she couldn't go through with it. Do you have any suggestions? Do you think I'm doing something wrong or is it her fault that we can't seem to make that scene, although we both would like to if we could?

R. N., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear R. N.:

If you're both beginners, chances are good that you both may be doing things wrong. First of all your wife should make sure she doesn't have any blockage and should take an enema. Once she's cleaned out, she'll be physically ready to go slow speed ahead. Notice we said slow speed. It's up to you—through foreplay—to turn her on so much that she'll die without your juicy cock inside of her. You can stimulate her by reaming her (working on her ass with your tongue) or by playing with her asshole by using fingers. The more relaxed and receptive she becomes, the further you can go. You can start by finger-fucking her and see if she likes it (and make sure your fingernails are cut down). If and when she's ready, you should stick your cock in her very, very slowly—just a little bit at a time. Your wife's basic problem is that she's afraid it will hurt. This makes her tense, and when she's tense, her sphincter muscles in her rear are also tense—and so it really does become painful. Only if she is totally relaxed will she be able to enjoy it. But even so, the first few times may be a little uncomfortable for her. However, if you both don't give up, she may be loving it before you know it.

Editor

Dear Editor:

I'm pretty heavy into the S&M scene and I went to see *Defiance*. Well, the truth is, I laughed myself silly. Sure, I agree with you that the production values were better than in a lot of porn, but all the S&M stuff in the film was so phony and pretentious. It might turn on somebody who doesn't know any better, but for someone well acquainted with the scene, it was a pretty stupid pile of shit. And I ought to know cause I've eaten a pile of shit in my time. Good luck with your magazine!

D. D. G., New York, N.Y.

Dear D. D. G.:

We are not particularly interested in your culinary treats, but perhaps our readers will be interested in your opinion regarding Defiance. However, I think that those readers who are into S&M should see the movie for themselves and make up their own minds about it. Still, we like to hear from our readers and if you ever come across an S&M film you think is honest, let us hear from you.

Editor

Dear Editor:

After I read the article, "Adult Films and Fantasy" I showed it to some of my friends. We all agreed that it was about time people who dug porn should get together and make a stand. If box office receipts are any indication, there are a helluva lot more of us than those creeps who try to clean up what they consider to be smut. Why the hell should they influence what the rest of us have a right to see? No one is forcing anyone to go to an X-rated movie if he or she doesn't want to go. What do you think we can do to protect our rights?

F. R. T., Miami, Florida

Dear F. R. T.:

The first thing you can do is to write to your state legislators and let them know how you feel. I'm sure they already receive plenty of mail from would-be "guardians of our morals," so let them know—for a change—how the other side feels. And after you and your friends have written to them, write to your Senators and Representatives in Congress and tell them. Unfortunately, those people with negative views are always the ones who scream loudest, and people with a positive outlook toward sex often keep it to themselves. And finally, if you read about—or hear about—porno movies, bookstores, etc., in your area getting busted, write to the mayor, the district attorney, and the chief of police to complain. If you hear that a group is being organized in your area to "clean up smut" then organize a "we love porn" group of your own to counteract them. What you say is true. If people will only stand up and be counted, the numbers are on your side. Good luck.

Editor

If you have a question or opinion relating to erotic movies, send it to FLICK, M.F. Enterprises, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010. Names will not be used upon request. ●

CAN X-RATED MOVIES PREVENT SEX CRIMES?

Sex films can provide a harmless release for built-up tensions—*before* someone is raped!

Kids need to be protected from x-rated films to keep them from becoming delinquents. And sex crimes are triggered by pornography and "obscene" movies. Right? Wrong!!

Wrong? Sez who? Sez some of the leading psychiatrists and sociologists in the world *and* the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, that's who.

Not only did the report of the President's Commission show there was no danger of a wild epidemic of sex crimes due to erotic films, it even pointed out the fact that an increase in the availability of sexually explicit material was accompanied by a *decrease* in sex crimes!

Way back in the "dark ages" of 1967, Congress decided that the matters of obscenity and pornography were a "serious national concern" and recommended that then President LBJ appoint a commission to investigate and recommend legislation to cope with this "menace."

Accordingly, in July, 1968, the Commission was appointed and commenced two years of intensive survey and investigation. Thousands of persons, social scientists, medical and psychiatric professionals, law enforcement officials and just plain citizens were interviewed, surveyed and studied.

The laws of all the states were given a careful scrutiny, the results of various studies in the field were examined, and the results of the relaxation of restrictions on the distribution of erotic materials in Denmark and Sweden were studied.

President Lyndon Johnson is not describing here what he witnessed in a porno movie. The late President should be credited with establishing The President's Commission on Pornography and Obscenity.

The first inkling that things weren't what they seemed came when a survey of a large cross section of the population showed that only about 2 per cent of the people felt "obscenity and pornography" to be matters of top importance.

Somebody had misread the loudly vocal outcry of the self-appointed "morality and decency" lobby as being representative of the public at large.

Not only did 98 per cent of the people find that there were more important things to worry about than banning books and movies which took the wraps off sex, a huge majority of them—85 per cent of adult males and 70 per cent of adult females—reported having contacts with erotic materials, including books, pictures and films.

The majority of those who reported their experiences stated that the effects of exposure to erotica were desirable. An overwhelming majority of professionals in mental health and social sciences either reported favorably on the effects of exposure to sexually explicit materials, or at worst said they did no harm.

Predictably, 58 per cent of police chiefs reported their opinion that "obscene books and movies cause juvenile delinquency." This in the face of their own statistics, which showed that juvenile crimes, except for sex crimes, more than doubled during the period under study, while sex crimes by these same juveniles decreased!

When the Commission began its work, "everybody" just knew that rapists and other sex offenders were wildly oversexed "beasts" whose uncontrollable lusts were inflamed by viewing erotic materials, especially x-rated films, which triggered them to commit their heinous crimes against a defenseless public.

Long before they had completed their work, members of the Com-

mission had discovered or recognized what psychiatrists and psychologists had been saying for years: Rapists and other sex offenders, far from being oversexed, were more sexually repressed than other kinds of criminals and the general public.

The bluenoses who had appointed themselves guardians of the public morality fell all over themselves in predicting an epidemic of sex offenses when erotic films became available without the "safeguards" (read censorship) that had been imposed for years.

Their scare tactics and horror stories vanish in the daylight of cold, hard fact. A 12-year study on sex offenses in Denmark (1958 to 1969) showed that the number of sex and sex-related crimes was nearly three times lower in 1969, two years after restrictions on erotic material were lifted, than in 1959, when those "protective" restrictions were in force.

One study, conducted in a prison, showed that rapists, the group alleged to be most likely to be triggered by "blue" movies, not only had less experience with such films, but had been exposed to erotica nearly five years later than had criminals serving sentences for non-sex crimes (average age 18.59 years for rapists vs. 14.35 years for other prisoners).

Another study showed that pedophiles (those who commit offenses against children), a group feared and scorned by law-abiding citizens and criminals alike (the fate of "baby rapers" in prison is harsh, with other inmates hating them even more than the guards do), have the least interest in and exposure to sexually explicit materials.

The argument of the bluenoses, resorted to when facts and statistics make their attitudes and certainties as solid as a bowl of jello, is that viewing x-rated movies and books erodes the moral fiber of the nation.

The Commission found that, instead of the familiar "dirty old man in the raincoat" huddled in the seat of a sleazy "skin flick" house, the viewer of erotic movies is likely to be

In late October, 1970, a different President, Richard Nixon claimed rather fatefully that "American morality is not to be trifled with" and proceeded to revile the Commission for disagreeing with his personal prejudices. (Don't ask us what his hands are doing under the desk.)

better-educated, younger, more socially and politically aware and active, more aware of general current events and in better general mental health than the so-called "normal" (or "average") citizen. This conclusion compares with those reached by similar studies conducted in Denmark and Sweden.

Other cherished shibboleths which were demolished by the surveys and studies of the past few years include the favorite myths that women aren't interested in or stimulated by sexually explicit materials and that erotic movies give to men who view them a callous attitude toward women.

Women are not only interested in and stimulated by erotic movies and other materials, they stay aroused longer than do men viewing the same things!

Large groups of men were given psychological tests designed to reveal their attitudes toward women. They were then shown several x-rated films and their attitudes were tested again. After viewing the films, the tests showed, the majority of those tested showed a marked decrease in both fear of and hostility toward women.

The report of the Commission, released September 30, 1970, was a bombshell. It concluded that their study ". . . fails to establish a meaningful causal relationship or even significant correlation between exposure to sexually explicit materials and immediate or delayed antisocial behavior among adults," according to Dr. Morris A. Lipton, professor of psychiatry and director of research development at the University of North Carolina, and D Edward D. Greenwood, psychiatris of the prestigious Menninge Foundation in Topeka, Kansas.

Two sociologists on the Commission went further. They stated that all restrictions on the dissemination of sexually explicit materials should be abolished.

The Commission also concluded in its report that obscenity and pornography laws in all 50 states and the District of Columbia should be repealed.

Not all of the members of the Commission agreed with the report. Of 18 members, 12 concurred with the report, 5 dissented and one abstained. However, two of the dissenting members, Rabbi Irving Lehman of Miami and Mrs. Cathryn Spelts of the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, agreed with the bulk of the majority report but expressed reservations about "doing away with all protections" (whatever *that* means).

The report had Congress in an uproar. That it wasn't what they had expected would be an understatement. With elections due less than two months from the date of the report, Congress acted with true political savvy. It left it up to the President to handle.

The report was received by the Nixon-Haldeman-Ehrlichman White House with all the warmth and hospitality extended to a bastard at a family reunion. Motivated by its special brand of morality and with an eye to the conservative constituency it sought to appease, the White

In St. Louis—as in many American cities—organizations have been founded to aid victims of rape and other offenses. In this particular organization, "Aid to Victims of Crime, Inc." Ann Slaughter (left) and Anna Forder point out high crime areas where they have volunteers stationed. According to findings of the Commission on Obscenity, most sexual criminals come from puritanically repressive backgrounds.

House rejected the report and its findings out of hand.

Despite this Presidential condemnation, the report won't just go away. Cautious as its language is, it refuted the idea that obscenity and pornography is the cause of crime or other antisocial behavior. It established that the present laws of most states (several have made changes since the report) are unrealistic, unnecessary and in many cases unconstitutional.

Although the Commission (understandably, in view of the fact it was reluctant to risk the total displeasure of the President and Congress) did not go so far as to state that pornography is beneficial, it gave considerable support to the views of both those who object to restrictions on what a person can see or read on constitutional grounds, and those psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists and others who have maintained that exposure to sexually explicit materials is not only harmless but has positive value in many cases.

Experiments with youthful sex offenders at one correctional institution showed that exposure to erotic movies and literature had beneficial effects. Two groups of subjects were selected. Both were matched by age, background and offense. One group was shown x-rated films twice weekly for six months. The other was not. After release from the facility, both groups were studied for five years. Less than 10 per cent of the group shown erotic movies had any repetition of sex or sex-related offenses, while 36 per cent of those who were not shown the films found themselves involved in sex and sex-related crimes.

Numerous psychiatrists and psychologists have found, through their research and in their practice, that patients with sexual problems have been helped through the use of erotic material. One obvious way that sex films help to prevent sex crimes is in providing a harmless release for the tensions which can build up in a potential offender. By giving the repressed individual the opportunity to see his fantasies acted out on the screen, x-rated flicks lessen the likelihood that he will act them out himself.

A majority of those who report viewing erotic movies state they were less inhibited and were better able to overcome uptight attitudes after seeing these films. Frequent viewers were more tolerant of behavior which differed from that of the "traditional" American ethic and were therefore more likely to find satisfaction in sexual activity with a mutually consenting partner than before.

One New York psychiatrist reports that he has had considerable success in treating patients with sex difficulties rooted in repressed backgrounds by exposing them to sexy movies.

"You'd be amazed at how many people, in this supposedly enlightened age, have absolutely no knowledge of the realities of sex. I don't mean simply those who have been taught that sex is 'dirty' or 'sinful.' I mean there are a hell of a lot of people who don't even know the mechanics of sex.

"I've found myself using 'skin flicks,' if you want to call them that, as training aids as well as ways to reduce inhibitions and release repressions.

"I had one patient who had a long history of exposing himself, almost exclusively to children. He was 27 years old when he first came to me. Not only had he never had intercourse, he had never masturbated. I was even more appalled—although nothing is supposed to shock or surprise a psychiatrist—at his total ignorance of even the most rudimentary elements of sex. He had no idea of the function, or even appearance, of a vagina, and didn't have the vaguest notion of how to go about intercourse. The only child of a fundamentalist preacher father and an equally repressed and repressing mother, he had been raised on a steady diet of 'fire and brimstone' sermons about the 'evils of the flesh' and the certitude of hell if he 'consorted with fallen women.' I had to first overcome his inhibitions and then give him the kind of basic sex education that most people get before they're out of their teens—or in them in the case of some of the kids I've seen lately.

"For three years I saw him twice a week. At each session I showed him a 15-minute film—the kind we used to call 'stag movies'—and then we discussed his feelings and reactions. At first, he experienced a combination of revulsion and fascination. Then he began to masturbate fairly regularly. Finally he got to the point where he had his first intercourse—with a prostitute. Later he found himself a girl friend—a grown woman, incidentally. Now he's been married for four years and is the father of two fine kids. He still calls me once in a while and he says he still sees erotic movies at least once a month. He has had no further episodes of exhibitionism and says he has had no desires along those lines.

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INTERVIEW WITH

INGE WEBER, EUROPEAN PORNO STAR

"Many actresses I know do false love-making on the screen. They feel nothing. But I feel everything."
"Sometimes I think only an army will make me truly happy."

By WALT HARGROVE

■ *Inge Weber is a name unknown to many Americans, but if you ask a German, a Dane, a Swede or a Frenchman who she is, their eyes will light up and their hands will affectionately caress their crotches. With only two major porno films to her credit [and countless shorter ones] she is fast becoming the rage in Europe. Inge's second film,* My Life in a Harem, *is to be released in America later this year and when this occurs, we at* Flick *predict that Inge will become one of the hottest, most sought after actresses on the porno scene.*

Inge was born in Munich, although at present she spends her off-screen time in the beautiful Black Forest of southern Germany, where she owns a modest, but elegantly decorated cottage.

Flick: Inge, why is it that you choose to live in such an under-populated area?

Inge: The scenery— it is beautiful and the people—they are so friendly to me. But when I go to the bigger cities, too many men recognize me and there is no—what is the word?—private?

Flick: Yes, privacy. Do men who recognize you give you a difficult time?

Inge: Ah, yes. They want to fuck, fuck, fuck. Nothing else. No mistake, please. I like to fuck, but if I fuck all the time, I am tired—I am too tired to work. And I must look my best for the cameras, no?

Flick: Yes. Well, you look pretty good to me now.

Inge: *Danke,* You American men are so sweet. I love you all!

Flick: Would you like to work in the United States?

Inge: Yes, I would like, but you know—these immigration people, they don't like porno actresses. I think they don't like sex. You think that is so?

Flick: Perhaps. Inge, many of our readers have not had a chance to see any of your movies yet. Could you tell us why they have been so popular in Europe?

Inge: I think because I like my work. You don't know—I get so hot inside my body when I see a big cock. I get wet and start to—to—I forget the word in English.

Flick: Tremble?

Inge: *Jah*, is so. When a man puts his big cock in my body, I become like animal. Many actresses I know do false love-making on the screen. They feel nothing. But I feel everything. I come many times. I can come for days, but my pussy—it gets sore after three or four hours.

Flick: That's too bad. There's one scene in **My Life in a Harem** in which you take on three men at once? Can you tell us about it?

Inge: Well, in movie my lover sneaks into the harem and finds me with two—ach—they are two men who are not supposed to be men?

Flick: Eunuchs?

Inge: *Jah*—two eunuchs—but they are not really eunuchs, so the four of us—we make love. My lover fucks me in cunt and one eunuch fucks me in ass. The other eunuch—I suck his cock. Very difficult scene to film because the camera must see all.

Flick: Do you enjoy getting fucked in the cunt and the ass at the same time?

Inge: I love it. I love to have all my holes filled with big cocks.

Flick: Some women don't enjoy getting fucked in the ass. But you do?

Inge: Very much. Not so much when I am younger. But I learn to relax and now I like it the same as in the cunt. My favorite way for this fucking in the ass is when I get on my knees and bend over—like dog—and the man who fucks me goes behind me and puts his cock in. It goes in—all the way in. I love this so and I play with my cunt when he does this to me.

Flick: Have you ever taken two cocks in your cunt or ass at the same time?

Inge: In my ass, no. Two cocks in my pussy, yes. Later I am a little sore but when it is happening, I am so happy. I can't explain how happy this makes me. Two juicy, beautiful cocks in my pussy. It is heaven!

Flick: Does a man have to have a big cock to satisfy you?

Inge: I love big cocks, but if man with smaller cock is good lover, I don't mind. Any man who makes me come many times is good lover.

Flick: What are some of your other interests—that is, apart from making movies and having sex?

Inge: I am a wonderful cook, so my friends—they tell me this. My mother—she is very sick woman when I am younger, and so—I cook for my whole family. German cooking is very—very heavy? Yes? So I cook French, too. I love French food.

Flick: So you're domestic?

Inge: No, just cooking. I do not like cleaning house and I have a girl do this for me. I like to spend time painting.

Flick: So you're an artist?

Inge: *Jah.* I study art three years in the school. I want to be a artist when I am younger. I paint many pictures.

Flick: Have you ever sold any of your work?

Inge: Yes, I sell. In gallery in Munich.

Flick: Has your career helped your sales? I mean, since you started acting in movies, have you sold more paintings?

Inge: My name in movies is not my real name. My real name I use in my paintings. Many people do not know I am artist, too. I do not want people to buy my paintings because I am porno actress. I want people to buy my paintings because they like them.

Flick: That makes sense. Do you think that when the day comes that you are too old to make movies you will start painting full time?

Inge: That is so. Many painters—they do other work, too, so they can paint. So I save my money from movies for the time when I am old, so I can paint only.

Flick: You've told us how much you enjoy having sex with men. Do you also enjoy having sex with women?

Inge: I am no *lesbisch.* I like men more. But if a woman sticks big dildo in me I am happy. Men are—stronger? No, not right word.

Flick: Rougher than women?

Inge: *Jah,* men are rougher. I like men because they are rougher.

Flick: Do you like to get beaten?

Inge: No, but I like sometimes if man ties me to bed—ties my arms and my legs to bed and then he fucks me rough.

Flick: What is the most unusual sexual experience you've ever had? Either on-screen or off-screen?

Inge: This one man—he starts by putting a banana in my pussy. Then he sucks out banana and eats it. Then he puts new banana in my ass and eats that too. Then he uses grapes, tomatoes, celery, and finally, big purple aubergine—you know, aubergine?

(Continued on page 58.

X-RATED MOVIES FOR THE LIBERATED WOMAN

An ad agency executive, a doctor, a cocktail waitress, an artist and a homemaker all have three things in common: they're women; they're liberated; they like adult films.

BY PERRY HUNT

■ What does the liberated woman think about pornographic movies?

That is a good question considering all the ruckus among leaders of the Women's Liberation movement and creators and stars of "porn". Too often we hear some shrill battleax from the Park Avenue penthouse side of the "movement" say that pornography is only the jerk-off doll for immature guys. It is only for men, she says, and trumps back off to the Daddy who supports her and the maid. Or, if she's from the other end of the movent, she races back to collect her welfare check and write her next book on the forthcoming overthrow of the male establishment by the Lesbian County chiropractors. Usually, by the way, the only people who'll publish that book happen to be well into the Male Establishment.

I decided then that if I wanted to know what some really liberated ladies felt about the porn movie industry, I'd have to ask them. First I'd have to find them. I did find five such women through the kindness of several young women friends of my own and it is to these five women that I am indebted for a welcome change in the images of America's liberated females.

Monica: "I know some women get awfully uptight if their dates even mention going out to see such movies, but I don't."

Their names were Monica, Susan, Vivian, Patricia, and Shirley. After a few telephone calls from my own female friends I got to speak with these young women in their own pads and environments. I think this is essential for good interviewing since most people do open up more in their own backyards. None of these women had seen me before and one of them knew that I work for **FLICK**, an organ dealing with x-rated movies. Therefore none of them had any reason to feel that she was stepping on my toes if she gave me the wrong answer.

Monica is what they called in the thirties a classy dame. Tall, tawny-haired, with a body supple from years of dance and yoga classes; she lives in a small but well set-up apartment in the East eighties. It is not a penthouse. It is her own place though in a very attractive town house and she pays all the bills herself. She is the first person to tell you that she likes being single and Daddy doesn't send money for the extras anymore. He did send her to Barnard College where she got a "useless degree in journalism". Monica is twenty-eight, but looks twenty-three in the sophisticated Ursula Andress vein. She now heads the research department of a medium-sized ad agency in midtown New York.

After we talked for a few moments and I told her that I was a writer writing about movies, she offered me a drink. I accepted a very dry Tankeray martini and she began to talk.

"Yes, I guess you could say that I am a liberated woman,' Monica began as she paced through the living room for a moment. I noticed the Museum of Modern Art prints on the walls. "I've made my own life here in Manhattan. I pay for everything myself, decorated my own place, and I decide whom I'm going

out with and when. That is, I'd like to decide that. New York, unfortunately, is still not brimming with enough good looking sexy young men to allow a woman to be that choosy."

I wondered where the hell they must be. You don't find dishes like Monica at every Swedish restaurant.

"So you think that as a liberated woman, you will make the first move as far as asking a man out?"

"Oh, sure," Monica said, settling down a comfortable distance from me on the couch.

"Does that include approaching the bedroom as well?"

"Well," she hesitated for a second, "I think there is a difference between asking a guy out on a date, say to a movie or to a concert; then pulling him by the hair into the bedroom. Usually though I don't have that as a problem. I don't live that close to Third Avenue."

"But you might say that sexually, at least, you haven't achieved as much liberation as you might like to have?"

"I guess you might say that. It's still hard for a woman to make all the moves. She might make a lot of them, but not all of them."

"Okay, that makes sense," I agreed. I took another sip of my drink and asked her, "Can you tell me how you feel about X-rated movies?"

"Pornography? Ummm." She paused, chewing delicately on her long, well-filed nails. Then she fidgeted with her silk blouse, then looked up and smiled at me. "I think it's basically all right," she said thoughtfully.

"All right?"

"Yes, I mean it's not something to immediately make judgments about. I know some women get awfully uptight if their dates even mention going out to see such movies, but I don't. Anymore."

"Then you did at one time."

"Yes," she said, folding her legs under her, curling deeper into the couch. She wore one of the new shorter skirts that have, thank God, arrived. It's good to see a little more thigh on women again. "I'm not that reserved anymore. I have to admit that some pornographic movies do

Susan: "I started looking at porn movies in med school."

have a lot going for them. Like technique for instance. Before Linda Lovelace, no one even talked about oral sex much rather showed you how to do it."

"Then you think that pornography is 'educational'?"

"Yes, I guess you could say that."

"Does it ever turn you on?"

She seemed a little embarrassed by my question, but then answered it squarely looking me in the eyes.

"Yes, I would say that. Well, why not? I'm human, aren't I?"

"Very," I agreed.

Susan is a doctor, or that is, she will be one very soon. She is in her last year of residency at a West side hospital and knows what it's like in the man's-world of medicine.

"Frankly, I love it," she tells me in the staff cafe at the hospital where I went to interview her. She'd been a roommate of one of my lady friends and had eagerly agreed to do the interview with me. Frankly, I think one sight of Susan would give an ice man a fever. She is 5' 5", green-eyed, chestnut haired and has a body that does not look at all like Marcus Welby in whites. She was wearing white clogs and a miniskirt under her mandatory doctor's jacket. A stethoscope drooped from her coat pocket.

"So you like being a woman in a man's world?"

"No," she contradicts me. "Medicine is a people's world. It's just that men are currently the majority."

"Would you consider yourself a liberated woman?"

I took another look at her in her sexy doctor's outfit and we both smiled.

"Is the Pope Catholic?" she asks.

I smile again.

"How do you feel about adult flicks?"

"Porn?"

"Yeh," I groan. "Porn."

"I love it."

"You love it?" I ask.

"Sure do. I started looking at porn movies in med school. A few of the male students brought some movies in one night while we were studying for exams. Just a little diversion, they said. They thought they'd freak out the women students and we thought we were going to be watching something like **Lassie Come Home.** Wow, what a difference! But I showed them; I loved it."

"And how about now?"

She drank some of her ice cream soda. When you walk down several miles of wards each day, you don't have to worry about calories.

"Now I still love them. I get tired of having to look at some of the good-looking men I see—you know, either patients or my colleagues—like they were cadavers. I want some action, too. Another med student—male—and I sometimes walk over to Eighth Avenue. It's only a block away. We just go in and get off. We both love Harry Reems."

"He does also?"

She laughed.

"Yes, he admires Mr. Reem's technique. You have to hand it to some of the porno people. I admire professionalism anyway. I think that's one reason I became a doctor. That and the fact that I really do love medicine."

"Do you ever get turned on at the movies?"

"Do I ever!"

"And what do you do when you get turned on?"

Susan lowered her pretty head into her ice cream soda, then turned around to see if anyone was listening or even looking.

"I have to be careful with the nurses around here. There's a big rivalry between the nurses and women doctors in medicine. Oh, yes, let's see, what do I do? What do you think I do? There are always a few empty beds in this hospital."

Unlike her more well-set sisters, Viv is not in a position to take shit from anyone. She is a cocktail waitress in the lounge at the Howard Johnson's on Eighth Avenue and Fifty-first street. She's seen it all—businessmen and their families to happy hookers. She knows what's happening out

on the street from the ladies of Eighth Avenue and she knows what's happening on the roads from salesmen.

I managed to get her alone for a few minutes on one of her breaks. Vivian is twenty-four and has the kind of body you'd expect to see on the screen and the kind of mind you'd expect from Lucille Ball if she hadn't become a Republican.

"Sure I go to pornos, why not?" she asks between smacks on her Trident Sugarless bubblegum.

"Do you consider yourself a 'liberated woman'?"

"Who needs liberation? You just gotta have guts, that's all."

"Looks like you're a liberated woman then."

"Sure. I'm liberated. What else you want to know?"

"What do you think about pornographic films?"

"I think that if anyone can do it in front of the cameras and get paid for it, then it's fine. I can't. I just can't see myself fuckin' in front of a camera. But I don't mind watching. Some of them are pretty good in fact. It matters on what the actors look like. I don't mind looking at some swell-looking guy and chick getting it on for me on the screen."

"Does it ever turn you on?"

"Not too often. I've seen just about everything, you know. Some of the guys who come in here are built like horses—down there anyway, know what I mean?"

I did.

"Look," she said," I gotta start my next shift any second, so if you don't have any more questions, I gotta split."

And she did just that as three ladies of the evening from the Avenue came in with their man friend. I understood what she meant by seeing it all.

Patricia lives in a loft down in SoHo. She is a film artist and works mostly on animated short features, some of them frankly erotic. She has had several openly lesbian affairs and has had many affairs with men as well. She was a starring member of several women's groups and has worked with rape referral and abortion reform groups. She is tall and lithe.

"I used to be a fat art student," she explained to me. "I got tired of not being able to find my brushes when they dropped on the floor. My stomach

Vivian: "I think that if anyone can do it in front of the cameras and get paid for it, then it's fine. I can't . . . . but I don't mind watching."

covered them up and I couldn't bend over that far to get them anyway. So I got into organic diets, yoga, and finally self-defense classes."

"Uncle!" I shouted.

"That's all right. The best thing the self-defense classes taught me was to stay out of dark alleys."

"I'm not going to ask you if you consider yourself a liberated woman," I said.

"Then don't. Liberation is a slow thing. The one thing all the Women's Liberation people don't seem to understand is that everybody has their hangups somewhere. Mine are animals. I hate to see them abused."

"You've made films before. I'd like to ask you as a liberated woman, not as a filmmaker, what do you think about pornographic movies?"

"I think they're fine if you have the head for them. Like I don't think everyone likes them and everyone ought to go see them. My mother, for instance. I can't see her at a Marilyn Chambers festival."

"But how do you feel about them personally?"

"I like porn. It's as simple as that. I like—maybe love—movies. I know I'm not about to give up sex. I guess I love that, too. Artists need their sexual drive. It's part of their talent. Their creativity, you could say. I like looking at sex, also.

Patricia: "I think it would be nicer if there were romantic movies with porn or more romantic porn movies."

I've been to orgies down here in SoHo and one of the things I like doing at orgies is just watching people getting it on. Guys and women, women and women, guys and guys even."

"So going to pornographic movies is rather like watching an orgy?"

"Yes, you could say that if you wanted to."

"What do you watch for in a good pornographic movie?"

She paused to think and settled into the hand-built settee that dominated the front part of her loft.

"First of all, I want to see really knockout people in it. Or else, at least I'd like to see just average but interesting looking people. I don't want to see people who look like they crawled out of the sewers of Paris. Some pornos, the cheapies, get these types. Second, variety. Lots of different types of men and women doing what they like to do. Some of these guys look like they can hardly stand looking at the women in the movies,much less fucking or going down on them. The same for the women. After all, they are doing a very intimate thing in front of cameras and with strangers. Maybe that's the third, that they should get to know each other better. I have noticed though that some people have become porno stars, like Georgina Spelvin and Harry Reems. So they get to act with their friends, or at least they learn to act friendly."

She thought a little longer.

"Oh, yes, a little romance. I think it would be nicer if there were romantic movies with porn or more romantic porn movies. Something like **Gone with the Wind** but with fucking and sucking. Do you know what I'm saying?"

"That's interesting that you think that way. Do you ever get turned on by such movies?"

"Of course. Why else should I go to them? They're supposed to turn you on."

"What do you usually do when that happens?"

"You mean when I get turned on?"

"Yes."

"That depends on whom I'm with. If I happen to be in somebody's loft and they've gotten hold of a hot film, I might just do anything. Just jump right in. But women still don't have the freedom men do. For instance, if I went to some Times

Shirley: "I like going with Harry to some of them. We get off on them."

Square movie house alone—which I probably wouldn't do—I'd still feel really strange about picking up just anybody and let's say, feeling him up. In fact I guess I would feel funny about just approaching him in a porn house."

"Why's that?"

"I guess it's because so few men are romantic anymore. Sure they'd like to fuck me, but after that, what? Good porn has a quality of adventure and fantasy about it. My fantasies just don't include the slam-bam-thank-you-ma'm approach. If they did, I'd give it to every guy on the block."

And if they did, I thought, I'd move to her block.

Shirley lives on Avenue U, in Brooklyn in the section called Flatbush. She went to Erasmus High School in the late fifties and started smoking pot when everybody else thought only 'perverts' did it. She is married and has two kids, both in primary school. She is active in her kids' school and led a fight a few years back to open a daycare center for working mothers in her neighborhood. She likes being married and she and her husband have an "agreement."

"We call it 'selective promiscuity,'" she tells me over a cup of coffee. "I think I got the term out of one of those books on modern marriage. It seems to fit better than swinging which makes me feel cheap."

"How do you feel about living here? For a Manhattanite, Flatbush seems like out-of-state."

"Gee, frankly I grew up here. I like it here. People are friendlier than in Manhattan, but they still mind their business pretty well. After we had the children I didn't want to move to Jersey or some place like that."

"Do you feel that you are a liberated woman?"

"Well, yeh. I still wear a bra though. I got pretty big tits and I need a bra. I won't go around with them hanging out like a cow."

"Shirley, the rest of you doesn't exactly look like a cow. In fact I'd say that for a woman with two small kids, you look very good indeed."

"Grace Kelly has two kids," she says to me, "and so does Jackie Onassis. Of course, I think that may be the only things we have in common."

"But you think you are a liberated woman?"

"Sure. I wanted those two kids. I like being married and I didn't want to work in an office all my life. I think there is still a great deal of need for mothers, especially for liberated mothers. I hope I can be one."

"Can you tell me what you think about X-rated movies?"

"My mother would die!" She says and laughs a lot. Then she adds, "I like going with Harry to see them. We get off on them."

"The two of you together?"

"Sure."

"What do you do when you really start getting off."

"Well, if you really want to know, when we went to see **The Devil in Miss Jones,** we both got so turned on that I took Harry's cock right out in the movie. It was dark though and nobody was around us."

"What did you do then?"

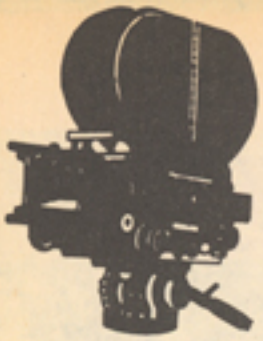
"I only did what was going on the screen."

"Gave him some head?"

"Sure, why not? Mothers are supposed to have a good time, too."

"Can you describe what you look for in a good porn movie, from, let's say, the viewpoint of a liberated mother."

"That's a tall order. Let me see. First of all, I like to see women get a chance. That happens a lot in porn movies. The women aren't put down because we—they, I mean—get horny, too. They get to have some of the action for a change. A lot of women are starting to really dig going down on a guy. I really like doing it to Harry. When we were first married, I only thought about it. But there were all those hangups. Now, a lot of women are doing it. I think porno movies have helped. After all, if a movie that everybody sees is all about . . . well, I'll say it . . . cocksucking, then people get less uptight about doing it."



THE PRIVATE AFTERNOONS OF PAMELA MANN

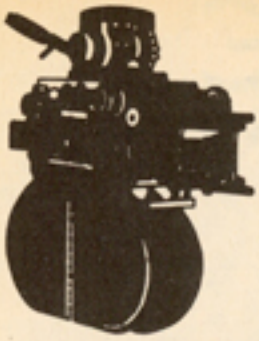
Was there some mystery behind the beautiful blonde who couldn't say "no"?

Pamela's husband hires a detective to see how she spends her afternoons. Before long the private dick gives his dick to her himself.

■ Most porn films have a one-idea premise that serves as an excuse for continuous "loops"—sex scenes. Although there are those heavy breathers who are perfectly satisfied with this formula and like jerking-off under their raincoats or newspapers for an hour and a half (can anyone really jerk-off for an hour and a half and not get bored?), there are those of us who enjoy a bit more plot and some sort of emotional involvement with the characters. Sure, it's easy to get aroused watching attractive people perform on the screen, but one can become even more aroused if we like and care something about the people we are watching.

Pamela Mann is notable because it gives us plenty of explicit sex and involvement with the characters as well. It also gives us a lot of humor and clever plot twists to keep us entertained between the "loops." People who still regard sex as a deadly serious affair (more deadly than serious, I suspect) should look elsewhere. But for those light-hearted and liberated people who enjoy X-rated movies, *Pamela Mann* is definitely an improvement over most rather tedious porn.

The movie concerns the married life of a young New York couple. The husband seeks the aid of a private detective to tail his wife, for he suspects that Pamela is spending her afternoons having affairs with other men.



Assaulted by revolutionaries, Pamela experiences joy

Pamela's days often consist of bumping pussy with her hooker girlfriend.

Pamela—in truth—is spending her afternoons having affairs with everyone, and the private dick is filming every minute of it. Pamela's first encounter is with a young man in the park. Pamela leads him off to the bushes and proceeds to go down on his large cock in a manner unbefitting her ultra-chic demeanor. In essence, she goes at his meat like a starving tigress and sucks him dry in no time at all.

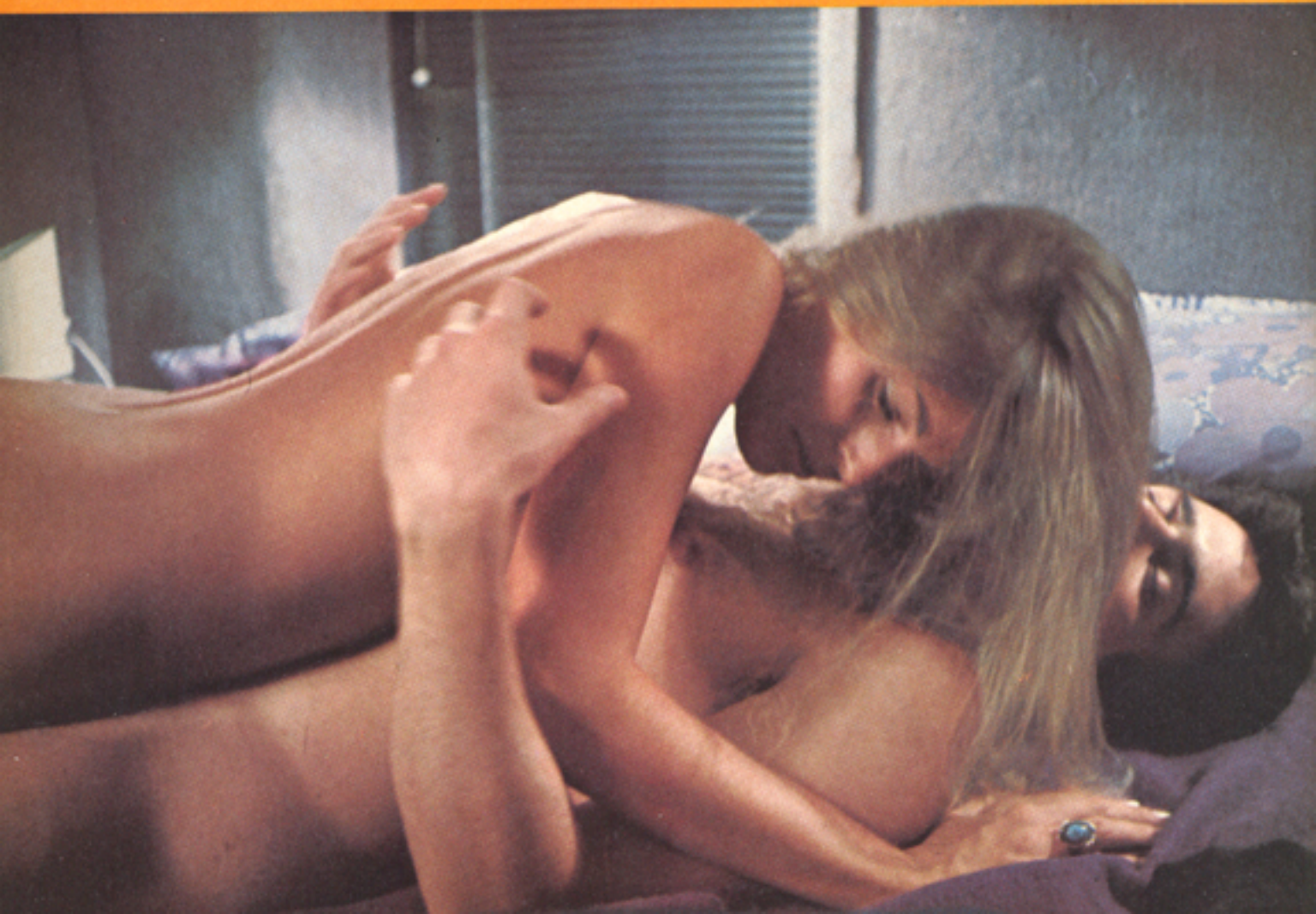
Recovering from this adventure, Pamela finds another park bench where she is speedily kidnapped by two revolutionaries—a man and a woman. They drag her off to an empty garage and proceed—as the saying goes—to have their way with her. While the man holds Pamela down, the woman buries her face in Pamela's snatch and gobbles for all she is worth, stopping only long enough to inform Pamela what a fascist pig she is. Next Pamela is forced to suck the man's cock, while the female revolutionary issues orders like a Nazi general: "Take all of it, you bitch! Eat it all!" etc. Seeing that Pamela hasn't quite acquired the knack, the woman demonstrates how to take a man's cock to the hilt, then forces Pamela to follow suit. Finally, when the man comes, the two revolutionaries stomp off, after hurling insults at Pamela—who by this time is collapsed on the floor in a state of shock. Naturally (by some means unknown to us) the private eye has managed to capture this little S&M episode on film.

He shows the film to Pamela's husband, who calmly expounds some psychiatric theories as to why Pamela behaves as she does (a barb aimed at idiot shrinks who take themselves seriously).

The detective continues his surveillance work and follows Pamela to the apartment of her hooker girlfriend, where the joys of lesbianism are explored in depth. Her girlfriend (acted convincingly by none other than Georgina Spelvin) has a tongue that won't stop. In fact, most of the people in this film—male and female—have an irresistable urge to orally penetrate the mysteries of Pamela's twat—and a luscious blond bush it is!

Finally, the detective, horny to the point of no return, decides to sample Pamela's goodies for himself. Being a handsome stud (played by Eric Edwards, who also appeared in *Fringe Benefits* and *Slip Up* reviewed elsewhere in this issue), Pamela is eager to share part of her afternoon with him. The get-together—containing one of the most erotic cunt-lapping scenes we have ever seen—takes place, followed by the private dick's joyful penetration of Pamela's pulsating pussy. However the detective, guilty over plowing his client's wife, tells the man what has happened and that in good con-

Pamela's hooker friend (played by Georgina Spelvin) gives her time off from all those hungry men in her life.



Pamela shares a secret with hubby which will amaze and delight movie-goers.

science he cannot accept his employer's money. The husband seems delighted that there are still gentlemen around.

By this time, the amazing plot twists have begun to unravel before our eyes. The two revolutionaries turn out to be Pamela's maid and chauffeur, who simply act out their sadistic parts in a game arranged by Pamela herself.

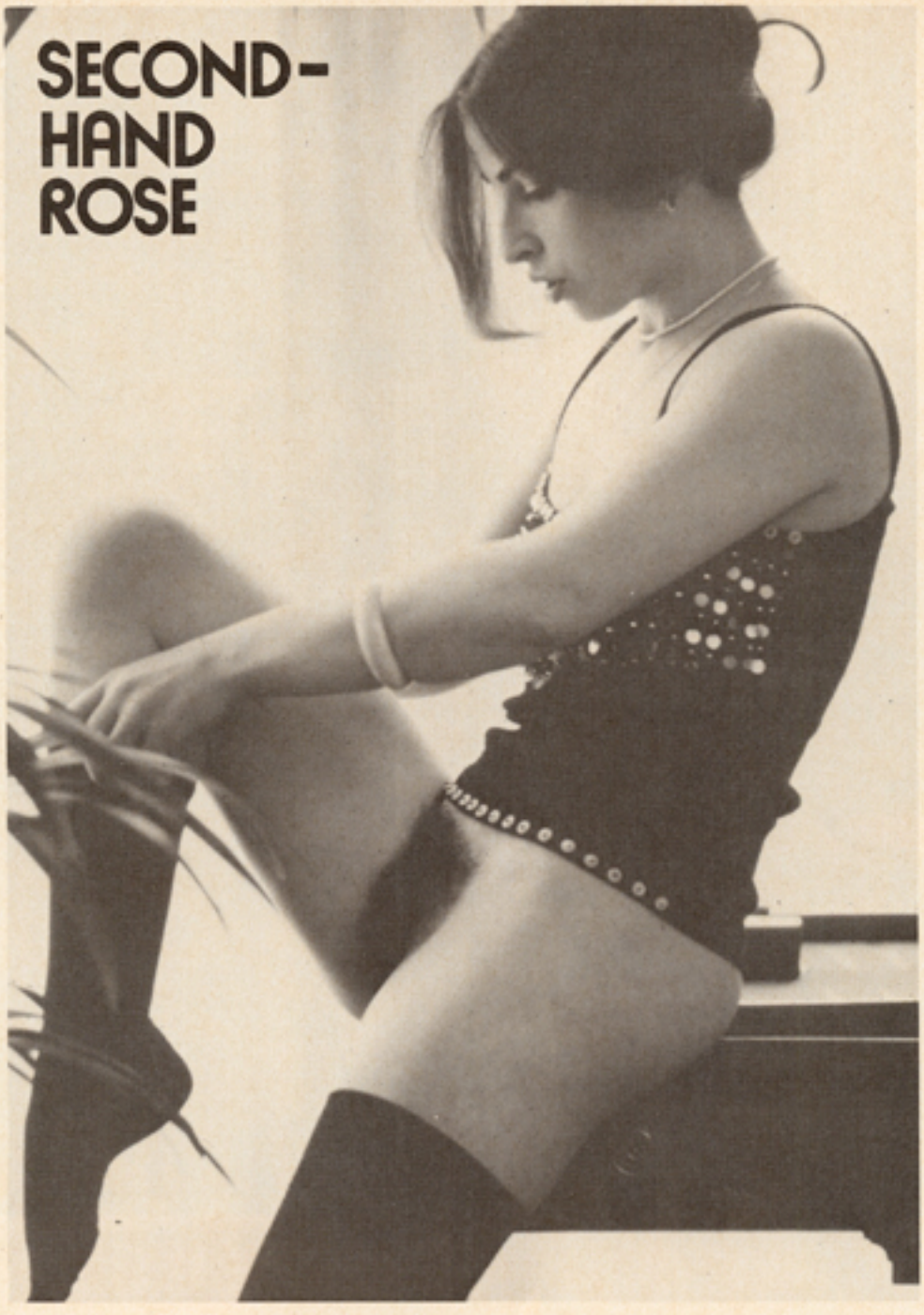
We also learn that the first young man on the park bench is also a detective hired by Pamela's husband to keep an eye on her. In fact, Pamela and her husband are cohorts in this, the biggest game of all—that of hiring young men to survey Pamela, whose ultimate goal is seducing them. It's an inexpensive amusement, since each detective the husband hires is too guilt-ridden by his own experience with Pamela to accept a fee.

And in the evening, the husband and wife enjoy making love as they watch the filmed episodes of Pamela's less than private afternoons.

Several other humorous plot twists are also revealed regarding secondary players, which we lack the space to expound upon, but all of them have one thing in common—they are all related to imaginative game-playing, and it would be safe to say that all of them take the audience by surprise when they are revealed.

Aside from the cleverness that went into making this film, aside from the truly turn-on scenes, aside from the sight gags and humor, aside from the excellent photography, this movie also has some top-notch acting in it, particularly from the men and Miss Spelvin. ●

SECOND-HAND ROSE



We dubbed Rose Lovejoy "second—hand Rose" for a very good reason. Rose adores having threesomes with two men or a man and a woman or two women. "Having one hand to help get me off is nice, too," Rose admits. "But a second hand is paradise." When Rose isn't finding couples to make it with, she studies acting in New York. "I don't think I'd care to make a porno film," she says, "but I'd like to make a legitimate film with a lot of sex in it. I think I'm more of an actress than a performer—except of course in the privacy of my bedroom where I can really cut loose." Rose has done some off-Broadway work and her career is definitely taking a start in the right direction. But then, Rose's talents—great as they are—are not limited to the bedroom.

Rose loves to wear black stockings. She says they turn men on, particularly when she takes them off.

Rose is thrilled when men or women suck on her luscious tits.

VAMPYRES

...most unnatural ladies

A movie for those with strong stomachs and kinky appetites

Fran and Miriam were happy lesbian lovers until a sexual psychopath murders them one night. They return as vampires to wreak revenge on the male population. Wow! What a way to go!

Poor Ted is just no fun at a three-some. Looks a bit pale if you ask us. Wonder why? Well, the girls have a good time anyway. Some girls are ball-busters: these happen to be bloodsuckers.

■ The scene—a dark, eerie, decaying estate. Two voluptuous beauties are enjoying one another in a bedroom. The curvaceous blonde is busily sucking the tits of her dark-haired friend. The friend squirms in wild abandonment. Suddenly we see a darkened figure slowly mounting the stairs. The door of the bedroom is thrown open. The girls look up. "No!" one of them screams in horror. A gun goes off—once, twice, three times . . . on and on. In a few seconds the two women are riddled with bullets. Blood is everywhere. What blood-crazed psychopath could have done this deed? We never find out. It makes no difference really. The important thing is that these two beautiful babes soon return as foul creatures of the night—the living dead—to wreak their vengeance on the entire male population.

Thirsty Miriam decides that nubile Harriet could lose a few pounds—so she cuts them out of her.

Vampyres is a British import. By today's standards one would have to call it a soft-core porno flick since there are no close shots of cocks penetrating cunts, flying sperm, cunt-lapping or cocksucking. Yes, there is sex, but it is never as explicit as one can find nowadays.

But it does have certain qualities one rarely finds in porn. It has good performances by people with acting ability. It has a suspenseful plot, excellent sets, music, direction, pacing, etc. Perhaps suspenseful is a weak word to use, since in actuality *Vampyres* pulls something off that most legitimate horror movies do not. In short, it's scary as hell and had this viewer on the edge of his seat throughout.

It may not be everyone's cup of blood, but if you dig horror films in general or reading the Marquis deSade gives you a hard-on, don't walk—chain yourself to a few bats and fly to your nearest theater where *Vampyres* is playing.

(Continued on page 60)

After slaughtering a young motorist, Fran and Miriam take a shower—using their tongues for a washcloth.

She decides to drain him dry a little at a time—his blood, that is.

While Fran thinks about draining Ted dry, Ted works at making Fran sopping wet.

GARDEN OF EDEN — REVISITED

Jim and Elise are models, aspiring actors, and lovers, and so they willingly agreed to doff their clothing and give us an idea of what the Garden of Eden may have been like long before Original Sin was invented. This woodland scene is quite a change from the crowded streets of New York, where Jim and Elise share an apartment together in the Times Square area. "We like living in the theatre area," Elise says. "Some day we would like to be performing on one of those stages."

Jim and Elsie met at a well-known acting school in Greenwich Village, where they both continue to study. Our "teacher assigned us both a love scene to perform in class," Jim recalls. "Well, during rehearsals in my apartment, we found ourselves carrying the scene on to its logical conclusion. It took one night of love for us to know that we had a good thing going. Elsie moved in the following week." Two years later, they're still playing the same love scene and still struggling to make it in acting.

Have Jim and Elsie considered making X-rated movies? "Maybe," says Elise. "If we were offered something with a good script, something that required acting ability as well. Who knows?" Jim adds, "X-rated films are getting better, but if I ever made one, I'd like to play opposite Elise. But then, that wouldn't really be acting, would it?"

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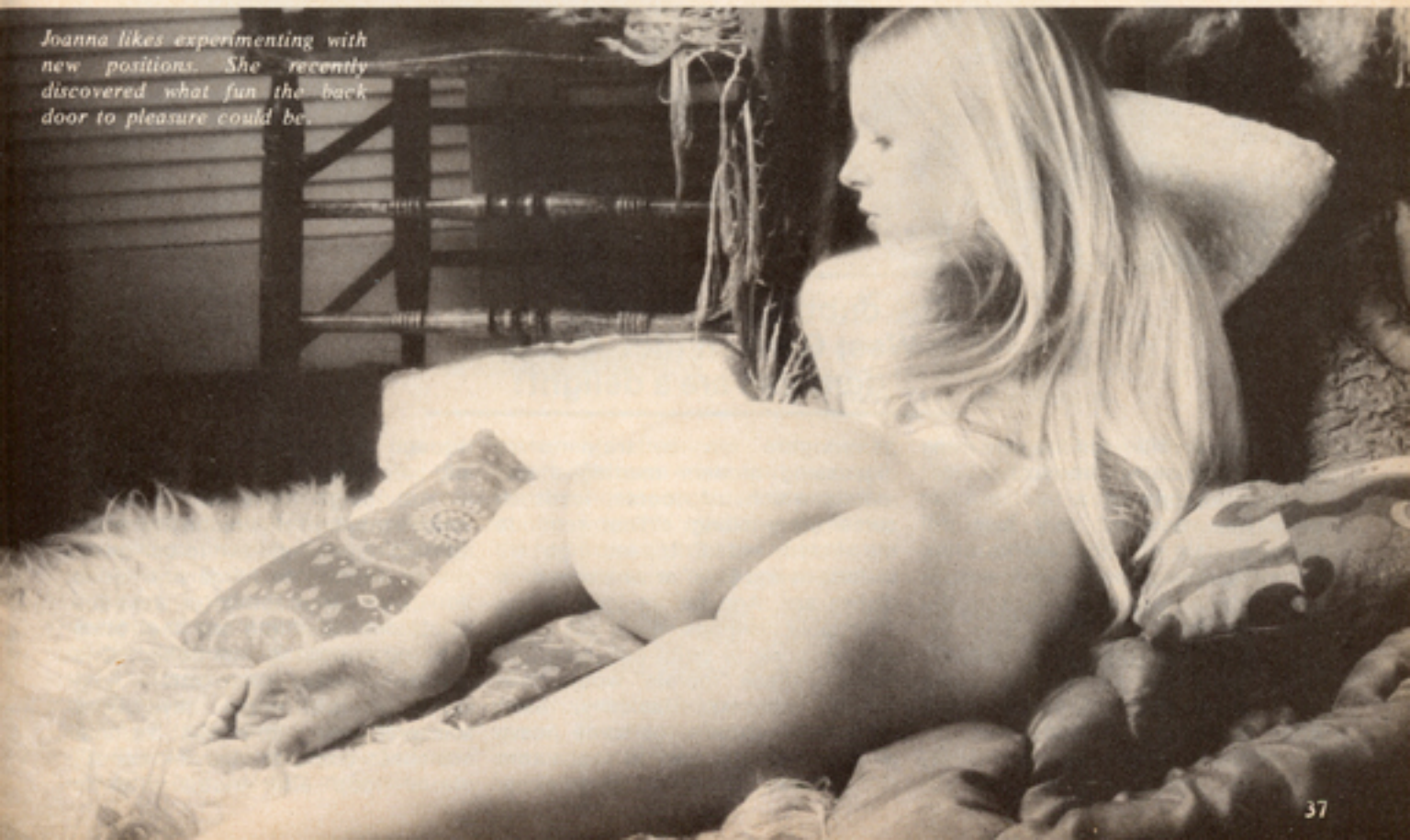
STARLET OF THE MONTH
JOANNA JACKSON

Joanna Jackson has wanted to be an actress since she was a little girl in Chicago. In those days no one suspected that she would grow—and grow—and grow until she had all the physical talents necessary for a successful film career. But despite her obvious endowments, the going hasn't been too easy for Joanna. "I've landed a few small parts," she told us, "but they were the kinds of parts where I didn't have any lines. What I mean to say is that the lines of my body—and the curves—were the only things the director felt were important. Now, if someone would give me the chance to act—instead of just perform—I'd be a knockout." Well, juicy Joanna will get no arguments from us.

In private life, Joanna is a free-living, free-loving lady with a yen for hairy-chested men. "They're so warm and cuddly at night," she tells us. "Like big teddy bears." Of course, Joanna doesn't restrict herself to hairy men. In fact her boyfriend at present—George—hasn't a single hair on his

chest. "But it doesn't matter. He's got something even more important," Joanna says, grinning. She won't tell us what that something is but she did give us a hint. "Ten inches," she whispered. Hmmm. Wonder what it could be. Does Joanna plan to marry George? "No," she grins, spreading her legs, "I'm not the marrying kind."



Joanna likes experimenting with new positions. She recently discovered what fun the back door to pleasure could be.

WIDE OPEN MARRIAGE

She gets off pumping his biceps while he gets off pumping her.

The dubbing is dreadful in this West German flick, but the derrieres are a delight!

■ *Wide Open Marriage* has one thing that distinguishes it from other West German imports of a similar ilk—namely, a bevy of very beautiful women, most of whom are far more attractive than some of our American porn kittens. One assumes from the way they move and their facial expressions that they are probably better actresses as well, but one can't be sure since much of the English dubbing is so dreadful.

The basis of the plot is old-hat, even for legit films. A group of passengers on a train start discussing modern marriages and morals which, of course, leads to some story-telling: "That reminds me of my friends Fritz and Inge . . . or Johann and Elke" or whatever their names are. And before long, a hot little fable develops which has some sort of moral to point out, although some of these "morals" would have Aesop stumped. Basically, each story is an excuse for some heavy breathing on the part of the actors and the audience as sperm flies through the air, cunts jut upward, and bare bottoms are rammed. There is surprisingly little cock-sucking, which probably reflects the Germanic attitude of getting down to business.

It is difficult to judge how good *Wide Open Marriage* is (or was) due to obvious re-editing and the rotten dubbing previously mentioned. One gets the feeling that certain non-sexual scenes might have been scissored down somewhat so that audiences could get the full benefit of one "loop" after another. This is

These two couples like to pretend that they're insects during the mating season (and we swear we're not making this up).

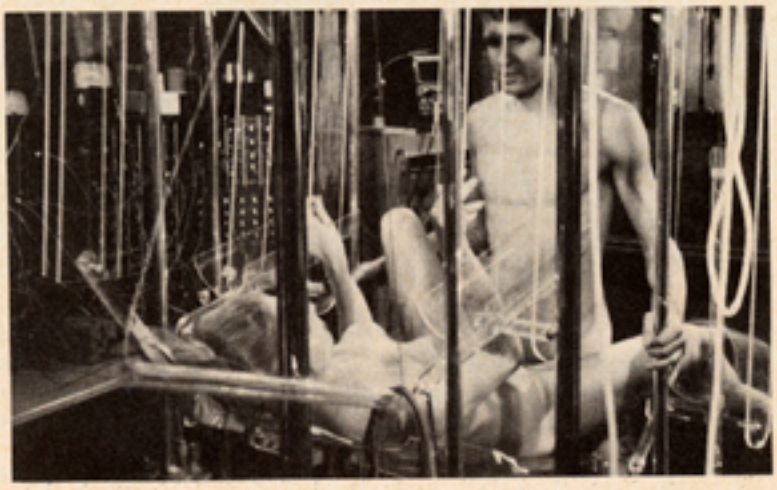
A young German frau (left) takes a Spanish lover who thinks of himself as a charging bull. Hungry Hilda (right) could wear any man out and could probably write her own Kama Sutra while doing it.

particularly annoying when strange characters suddenly pop into the picture for no reason at all. In one scene (otherwise quite amusing) a young truckdriver is busily chatting with his wife on the phone as he screws a woman he picked up (or who picked him up) on the road, and on the other end of the phone line the truckdriver's wife is being rammed by an overly energetic Spaniard. While the truckdriver is plowing the woman he picked up, suddenly the doorbell rings and an extremely effeminate homosexual enters. We learn—in a split second—that the homosexual is the employer of the woman's husband (wherever the hell he is) and got the hots for the truckdriver at a party given earlier that evening (which was probably cut from the film). The homosexual lunges for the truckdriver's cock and the truckdriver wards off the advance. The homosexual, frustrated, exits, goes around the side of the house and looking through the window, gets his jollies by watching the truckdriver and the woman resume their screwing. Aside from the fact that the homosexual is portrayed as a 1950's stereotype of what a flamboyant homosexual is supposed to be (very swishy and limp-wristed, speaks with a lisp etc.), I haven't the faintest idea what he's doing in the movie. He's hardly sprinkling any fairy dust over the proceedings since the happy couple is managing ●

Office morale was low until Harry decided to ram a few points home to the girls in the secretarial pool . . .

FRINGE BENEFITS

Harry Flatout decides that fucking can be fun and productive on office time.



After losing his job, Harry suffers a temporary loss of get-up-and-stick-it-in. But the Electrotesticular Cockerector works like a wet dream to help him regain his vigor.

■Harry Flatout (Eric Edwards) has a difficult problem to solve. As a junior executive for the Spurtover Oil Company, it is his job to solve the morale problem in the stenographers' pool. The girls are so bored with their jobs that they plan to join a union, and naturally, management is against this. So what can Harry do to relieve the tedious work the girls must put up with? No, an added coffee break will not do the trick. But a fuck break. Hmmmm. Harry, good-looking devil that he is and with all his natural equipment in tiptop shape, decides that anything is worth a try. Of course, he is wise enough to realize that the heads of the company might not appreciate fucking during business hours, so he decides to keep his cure for office morale a secret—between him and the girls.

Naturally certain problems ensue—namely, where is all this fucking to be done? In the john? Under a desk? In the broom closet? Privacy is hard to come by—or rather, it's easy to come by if you have it. Poor Harry is desperate. As he plows his way through the steno pool he knows his plan is working, but how long *(Continued on page 61)*

FRINGE BENEFITS

Harry discovers that the output of a secretary is increased in proportion to the input, and so he puts it in at every available opportunity. Below, left, two stenographers decide that with Harry away it might be fun to play with each other. Below, right, our friend, the lab assistant, continues her diligent work to show patients what clever tricks her snatch can perform in the interests of scientific experimentation.

JENNY DOVER

Jenny Dover is California born and bred, and like many young women on the fringe of show business—she lives in L.A.—she has ambitions to be an actress. "When I'm on a stage I like to give it all I've got," she says. And as anyone can see, Jenny has a helluva lot to give. Jenny spends her afternoons studying acting or modeling, and her evenings entertaining and being entertained by men. "I just adore men," she confesses. "I can't get enough of them. I guess I'm not what you'd call a one-man-woman. I mean there are so many fish in the sea and I'd like to taste as many of them as I can." With those lips, who could blame her?

Jenny is proud of her body. "I was born naked, I make love naked—and when my time comes, I want to be buried naked."

"My dream is to play a sexy Lady Macbeth. D'you think Shakespeare would mind if she screwed Duncan to death?" Jenny asks as she does her bike exercises.

Although Jenny frankly admits that she's not known for her fidelity to any one man, she also says that perhaps the right man just hasn't entered her life yet. "I've been infatuated with many men, but I don't think I've ever been really in love. But who can tell what tomorrow may bring?" If Jenny ever did find Mr. Right, we asked her how she would keep him. She smiles seductively and runs her fingers along her inner thigh. "Guess," she whispers, winking. "I happen to be a very liberated lady—particularly where it counts. In bed! I believe in experimentation, and I'll try anything—at least once. To be truthful, a man needs a lot of stamina to keep up with me. I like to keep things going—and coming—all night."

In spite of the exercise she gets at night, Jenny does gymnastic type exercises during the day. "I like to keep my muscles toned and my body in shape. Too many women let themselves go to hell, and I'm not one of them. I've never been sick a day in my life, and I think exercise has a lot to do with it—exercise, good food, sun and sex. That's my motto!" Does Jenny have any hobbies? Well, I don't have much time for hobbies—what with my acting classes, doing the rounds as a model, and my evenings tied up. But every once in a while I take a few hours to get my stamp collection in shape. Stamp collecting is a great way to relax and relieve tension. I love meeting men who share my hobby. I'd like to exchange stamps with such a man—and maybe a few other things as well." We're sure there are many men who would love to place their stamp in Jenny's book.

Jenny does some of her best work in bed.

Is Jenny having much success with her acting career? "Well, not at the moment. I'm still in the process of learning. I have a really fabulous teacher. He loves to give me private lessons on the side, particularly when I'm doing a love scene. In fact—with his help—some of my best performances are off the stage. Of course, when a man is endowed with the talent that he has, who could resist?"

SLIP UP

Will the evil doctor's plan succeed? Will every man in America have an instant erection?

Dr. Charles Cherrypopper discusses his evil plans to take over the world with his hot and horny lab assistant.

■Dr. Charles Cherrypopper has a diabolical plan to take control of the country. In his secret lab in the basement of the Tighttwat Institute of Sexual Research he has invented a machine capable of causing every male in America to have an instant and unrelievable erection. Thus, while everyone is in a state of sexual confusion, he will declare himself dictator and take the country out of the hands of incompetent bunglers. Little does Dr. Cherrypopper realize that everyone already seems to have instant and unrelievable hard-ons, including a worker at the Institute who can't get his hands, his mouth, or his cock off of (or out of) the doctor's sexually energetic blond assistant, Sissy Motormouth. Sissy indeed has a 400 horsepower mouth when it comes to cock-sucking, but she's also quite proficient at spreading her legs at every available moment. In fact, her tantalizing twat is almost responsible for wrecking the doctor's machine before the take-over is realized.

But if incompetence has invaded the inner sanctum of the secret lab, it has invaded everywhere else as well. Young Penelope Juiceslit's kinky fantasies and sex-playing have sent her boyfriend twice to the hospital, and he insists that she get her ass in shape or they're finished. So seeking professional help, Penelope turns up at the lab, and due to the incompetence of a telephone repair man, who is getting a blowjob from the nubile switchboard operator, she gets her phone lines crossed and overhears Dr. Cherrypopper discussing his fiendish plot.

Penelope, in an effort to save the country, rushes to the offices of F.U.C., the Federal Undercover Counterintelligence Agency, to report what she has overheard. But Mr. Ballbust, head of the New York office, is too busy giving head to a cock-ejaculating machine to care what she has to say. But finally noticing the way her braless tits bounce up and down, he decides that a real woman may be better than a toy, so he promptly fucks the hell out of her, then sends her on to Washington to tell her story to Mr.

While Penelope (upper right) gets screwed on her way to Washington, the engineer at the electlic plant gives a few volts to a waitress.

SLIP UP

Penelope likes to imagine that she's a tiger tamer, but often she winds up with the tiger in her tank.

Quimtwiddle, head of the Washington Bureau.

Naturally, more incompetence delays the comely Penelope, who finds herself aboard a plane in which the pilot is too concerned with getting a blowjob from the stewardess to watch where he is flying—and the co-pilot, suffering from booze and blue balls, doesn't care. In fact the plane is bouncing around so much, the handsome young man sitting next to Penelope spills his lunch all over her, and while cleaning up the mess decides that on a rocky flight the best thing to do is to get ones own rocks off. A few seconds later the two of them are naked and the young man is pumping his way to glory in Penelope's wriggling rear.

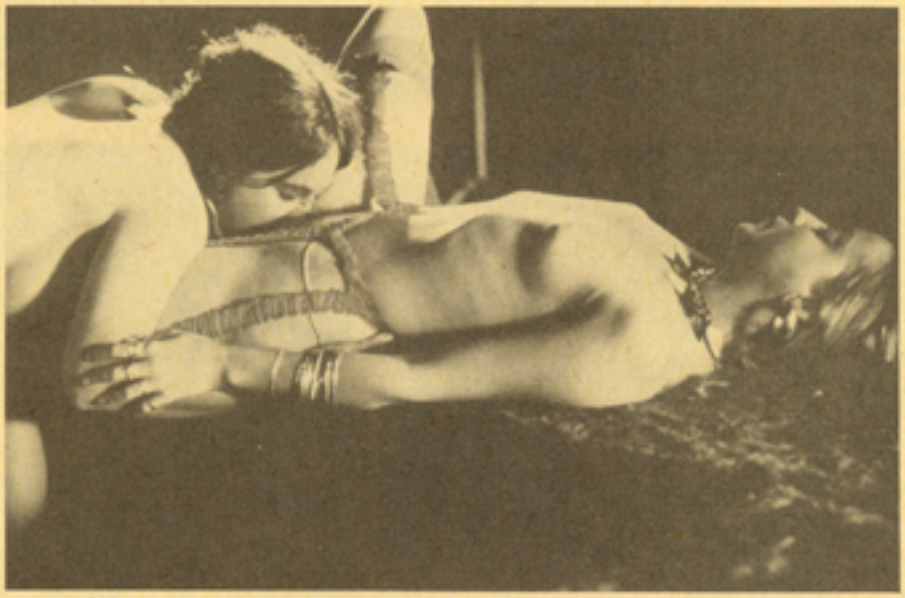
But suddenly the plane catches fire and everyone bails out and is saved, except for the hapless stewardess. The pilot, who has a parachute, is screwing her in mid-air, and the only thing keeping her from falling is his hard cock. Unfortunately he's too horney to hold back and cums, goes limp, and "Arriverderci, baby!" he cries as his stewardess plumets to the ground.

Penelope finally arrives in Washington and the chief of F.U.C., Mr. Quimtwiddle, takes her to the exclusive Chateau Scrotum for dinner, but decides that Penelope is more appetizing than anything on the menu. So joined by his buxom brunette secretary, he ravishes Penelope's box under the table. Poor Penelope Juiceslit, everyone wants a

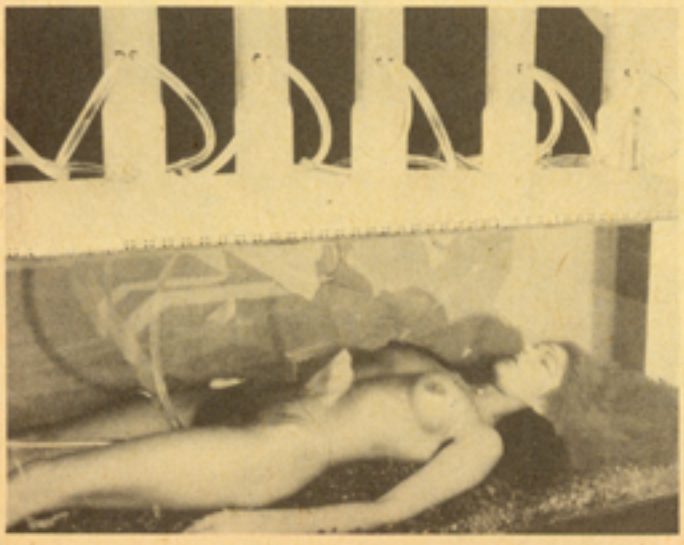
COMING ATTRACTIONS

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

A Bible story? A porn flick? A science fiction adventure? Sodom and Gomorrah is all three of the above and is also one of the most expensive X-rated films ever made. Life may not have been a continual pleasure in these twin sin cities, but sex certainly was! Catch our review in the next issue of FLICK!



Women in Sodom are noted for their tongue-flicking technique and often practice on each other.



This little machine helps keep the juices flowing in this fine example of sensual feminine pulchritude.

Lovemaking is the local pastime and these locals work at it every chance they get.

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

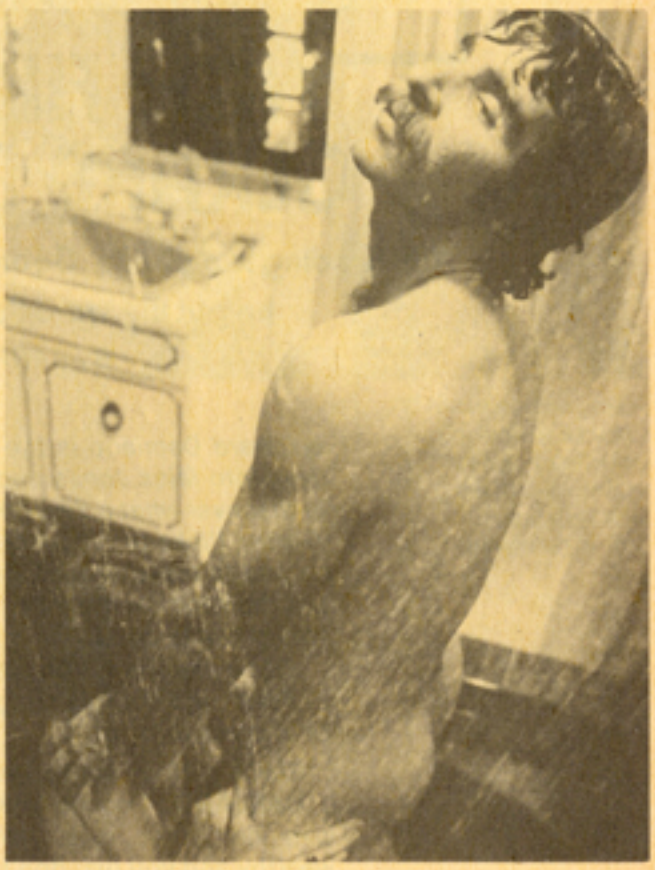
She likes being up a tree, and he likes being up her snatch. An ideal relationship.

The king has acquired a new cutie and he can't want to sample the luscious merchandise. Who could blame him?

The women of Sodom have very little time for making quilts because they are too busy making one another. This is a prelude to a breathtaking orgy.

Sooner or later it had to happen—a "David And Lisa" porno style, in which a gorgeous sex kitten named Shawn Harris keeps the temperatures of the audience (and other things) rising throughout the film. One of the stars, by the way, was a former aide to Mayor Lindsay. Who says porn and politics make strange bedfellows?

Shawn Harris and Harry Reems seem meant for each other, but Shawn is meant for a lot of other men in this movie as well.



As you can see this is a clean movie, although the actors prefer licking one another to using soap.

FLICK INTERVIEW

WITH FILMMAKER GERARD DAMIANO

With leading ladies like Georgina Spelvin and Linda Lovelace, he put the word "adult" into adult films.

By BARRY L. SHEER

■ *Gerard Damiano is the man who put the fear of the devil into Miss Jones and helped Miss Linda Lovelace to discover what a deep throat she had. With four major X-rated flicks to his credit so far, Gerard Damiano has helped to make explicit sex on the screen an accepted tradition for liberated adults (and for those adults who would like to be liberated but need a few lessons.)*

Filmmaker Damiano could rightly be called the "King of Porn" and the following interview will give you some of the reasons why.

FLICK: What made you decide to make sex films?

DAMIANO: For me, it wasn't even a decision. There was no other road. Unless you're independently wealthy and you just don't mind going out and blowing money. You need two things. First of all, you need a backer who is willing to put up the money, and you need an audience who is willing to pay the money to see what you have done. *(Continued on page 62)*

"You have to look for exhibitionistic tendencies in your actors and actresses."

"Why must anybody have to socially redeem sexually explicit material?"

"If I have a scene where I'm looking for anal balling, it's silly for me to use a girl or a guy who's not turned on by it."

"Women can fake sex, and if they're good actresses they can do a good job, but a man has to perform."

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PREVENT SEX CRIMES?

(Continued from page 8)

X-rated movies saved him from disgrace or prison and gave him the chance to lead a satisfying life."

Dr. Richard Claire, a psychiatrist who has done considerable work with convicted rapists and other sex offenders in a large Midwestern prison, states unequivocally that he has found erotic films to be a valuable tool in the treatment and prevention of sex crimes.

"I've found that most sex offenders, including rapists, are victims of sexually repressed or impoverished backgrounds. Exposure to pornographic movies helps them to release the tensions which have in the past led them to commit their offenses. Also, I have found that persons who have experience with sexually explicit materials, especially movies, at an early age are less likely to be sex offenders and also tend to have healthier and more relaxed attitudes toward sex.

"I know some people would call me an evil man, but I would recommend that the present restrictions on making x-rated films available to teenagers be abolished. If kids could be exposed to graphic depictions of sexual activity of all kinds, I am certain there would be a drastic reduction both in sex crimes and in the number of people suffering from sex-related neuroses."

If you've been wondering whether going to see "Deep Throat" or "The Devil in Miss Jones" will make you run out and rape somebody or commit some other sex offense, forget it.

The President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography says it can't hurt you and a lot of psychiatrists say it can help you. Any way you look at it, x-rated films don't cause—and there's evidence that they prevent—sex crimes. ●

INTERVIEW WITH INGE WEBER

(Continued from page 12)

Flick: We call them eggplants in America.

Inge: Why? They no look like eggs.

Flick: I don't know why.

Inge: So the eggplant hurts a little. I let him do it anyway. I think this man likes fruits and vegetables, no?

Flick: And then what did he do?

Inge: He is funny man. He fuck my pussy with his foot, all his foot to ankle. No one ever do this to me before. I like big cock better, I think.

Flick: Yes, you have such a pretty pussy. It seems a shame to waste it on a foot.

Inge: Yes, is true.

Flick: Could you tell us about **My Life in a Harem?**

Inge: Jah. I play woman sold into slavery. Arab sheik buys me and puts me in harem. But I love different man on outside of harem walls. So my lover dresses like woman and he sneaks into harem every night. But I also sleep with the two eunuchs, who are not real eunuchs, and, of course, with the sheik—who has huge cock. In real life, the man who is the sheik—Gunter—is my boy friend.

Flick: Do you have many boy friends?

Inge: No, only two or three at same time.

Flick: So what happens in the movie?

Inge: My lover in movie gets caught by guards of sheik. But they don't know he is man because he is dressed like woman. The sheik falls in love with him but finds out he is not real woman and wants to turn him into eunuch.

Flick: And does he become a eunuch?

Inge: No, but I don't tell what happens or no one will see movie.

Flick: Believe me, Inge, any man would see a movie if you were in it, plot or no plot.

Inge: You are very nice to say so to me.

Flick: Doesn't it ever bother you to make love before the cameras?

Inge: Sometimes. When a man fucks me hard and the director yells stop before I am—before I have come a lot. But I know he must think of whole movie and not only of Inge.

Flick: What I meant to ask—doesn't it bother you at all to have so many people watch you making love?

Inge: No. I am very hot when the people—they look at my pussy and I know they want to fuck me, too. I want all men to want to fuck my pussy. That is why I don't live in big cities where I am—would be tired from this fucking all the time. I am very sexy person, you know?

Flick: When you are acting, aren't there some men you are not attracted to but have to fuck with anyway?

Inge: When I first start to make movies, yes. But now, I am friends with most of the men who fuck me. We many times do good fucking not in front of cameras. I think my boy friend Gunter is best in my bedroom.

Flick: What does Gunter like to do to you?

Inge: He has big cock and likes to fuck me in many ways. In my pussy, in my ass, in my mouth, in my—under my arms, between my breasts, in crack of my ass, in my face. When he fucks me in face, I suck his balls. I love sucking balls and sticking my tongue in Gunter's ass. I love sucking

his cock, too. I love it best when he sticks his tongue in my pussy at same time.

Flick: Are you good at sucking cock?

Inge: Men—they tell me I do it nice. Some women take only the head of cock into the mouth. I swallow it all. And when a man—he comes—I like to drink the come. But in movies—the director always has man come on my face so camera sees it. But I prefer to swallow a man's come.

Flick: Is there anything you won't do sexually before the cameras?

Inge: I do not like eating other woman's pussy, but I do it sometimes in the movies. If man is fucking me at same time, I get hot and even like eating pussy, but this is not often.

Flick: Would you ever like to star in a legitimate movie?

Inge: With no sex? No, only in movies with sex. Lots of sex and big cocks.

Flick: Do you think someday you might settle down and get married?

Inge: Maybe. If I want to make babies and give my babies a name. But not now, of course. Making babies is bad for the way a woman looks and will be bad for my career.

Flick: Does your family object to your making porno films?

Inge: My father—he is dead and my mother—well, she does not like, but I send her money. I also have two sisters and one brother. One sister likes what I do and the other sister does not like. My brother calls me a whore. This hurts me very much, but I tell Fritz—my brother—I live my own life and he lives his. Fritz—he is very uptighter.

Flick: Uptight.

Inge: Yes, very uptight.

Flick: Are you working on a new movie now?

Inge: I begin in two weeks. We make movie in Holland. I play the lady who owns a whorehouse. I think they want Xaviera Hollander for the role, but she is busy making other movie or something. So she says no and I get role. I like it very much.

Flick: And will you get the chance to do what you like best?

Inge: **Jah,** very much fucking and sucking. I am very happy when this movie—it begins. I get very hot when I am not making movies. Gunter—he is wonderful, but he is only one man. Sometimes I think only an army will make me truly happy. Then I know I am ready to begin a new movie. ●

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VAMPYRES

(Continued from page 25)

The movie traces the story of these two luscious vampires as they merrily go along their way, picking up men and luring them to the old estate, where, after drugging them with Carpathian wine (what else?), butcher them in some of the bloodiest scenes—enough to stock a blood bank for a week—you are ever likely to see in a movie.

One of the two lethal ladies, auburn-haired Fran, develops a strange fascination for one of her victims, a passing motorist named Ted. Instead of draining him dry of blood in one session she decides to suck him off (his blood, that is) a little at a time—because frankly, she has grown sort of fond of the way he plows her.

Meanwhile—on the edge of the estate—a young married couple, John and Harriet, have parked their trailer. It's vacation time for them. She wants to get a bit of oil painting done, and he wants to go fishing. Before long Harriet begins to get suspicious of the strange doings taking place at the old estate. It's odd—she thinks—that the two weird women are continually bringing men home, but it all seems to be a one-way trip. The men never seem to leave again.

Her hubby John thinks she's letting her imagination run away with her, and he calms her down the best way he knows—screwing the hell out of her. But sex with John—great as always—does not relieve Harriet of her fears and she tries to talk John into moving to a pleasanter camping spot.

Before she can convince him to do so, Ted (remember Ted?) escapes from Fran's bedroom and—weak from loss of blood—makes his way to the trailer to get help.

While Harriet tends to Ted, John jumps into his car to fetch a doctor but before he can get the ignition started, the two vampires are upon him. It's a horrifying scene. If you can imagine two knife-wielding radical feminists in a room with Norman Mailer, you can imagine the results.

Anyway, poor Harriet looks out the trailer window and sees the bloodied body of her husband slumped over the steering wheel. She runs out to the car—which is exactly what the two vampires have been waiting for. They carry her—screaming—to the cellar of the old mansion, where they have their bloody way with her.

And does Ted escape? Well, we wouldn't want to spoil the suspense and tell you everything, would we?

In closing, I must add that if you have a weak stomach and your sexual fantasies

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exclude blood-letting, stay away. And remember—don't let any strange beautiful girls with sharp teeth lure you to any ruined mansions in the country or you may be sorry. ●

WIDE OPEN MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 39)

quite well without him. Granted, his role was probably larger before the re-editing process in this country, but while the movie-choppers were in a cutting mood, they should have chopped him out completely.

Probably the most humorous episode (and one that survives the dubbing) concerns a wife who is never satisfied with sex unless her husband screws her in about five hundred different positions. As they thump and hump in fast speed all over the living room floor, tables, chairs and cabinets, the viewer is left breathless just watching. Finally the husband gets a well-deserved rest. His wife hires a maid; the maid makes the wife; and before long, the two women go off into the sunset while hubby must contend with dusting and washing. Although it was entertaining (and the two women had fabulous bods) I haven't yet figured out the point of this little vignette.

Another vignette concerns an entomologist who likes to pretend that he's a bug as he grinds away at a student's cunt. A short distance away, the entomologist's wife is being humped by a male student, also bug-fixated. It's only a matter of time before the buggers—pardon, bugs-collide, embarrassing one and all.

The other fables are along similar lines and all of them deal with marital infidelity in one way or another. And all of the people involved—after a good, healthy screw—learn something from all the carryings-on. I'm a little uncertain what it was they all learned in a few of the cases—or whether or not it was even worth the effort. ●

FRINGE BENEFITS

(Continued from page 42)

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rival Linda Lovelace's, this girl has one of the hottest pussies in town and that there is nothing she would like better than keeping it permanently plugged with a big dick.

Of course, Harry is an obliging young man—perhaps too obliging. As Harry and the girl—their arms and legs flying—suck and fuck their way to bliss, the boss returns in time to catch a few hot moments. In a rage the boss fires everyone.

Harry immediately goes into a state of shock, so severe that when he recovers his senses, he finds that he hasn't recovered all of them. In short, his stud potential has dropped and he can't get a hard-on to save himself.

Distraught over this condition Harry seeks aid at the Tighttwat Institute for Sexual Research, headed by Dr. Tessy Tighttwat (Georgina Spelvin)—and having a tight twat is the last thing anyone could accuse her of having. But even Dr. Tessy has trouble getting Harry into working condition again, but finally—after much experimentation—Harry is exposed to the rays of a fabulous machine, the Electrotesticular Cock-erector—and whamo! His cock is at attention once more and he's ready for action. In fact, he has turned into such a superstud that he's ready to bang anything in (or out of) a skirt.

Meanwhile back at the office, the girls are on the verge of rebellion. Just as they are about to meet and vote for unionization, Harry is rehired and fucks such thoughts out of their minds, thus proving his worth to the corporation. Not only does Harry's on-the-job stud service save the day, he is promoted to the higher echelons of the company and gets his own executive suite where he—and his sex-crazed private secretary can screw away to their hearts' content.

The sequel to *Fringe Benefits* is *Slip Up*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Both movies are filled with gags, sex, and good clean fun for those with healthy attitudes regarding sex. The love-making couldn't be any more explicit than it is, and interest is sustained throughout. And if you're the type who likes to jerk-off during X-rated flicks, you will probably create quite a puddle over this one. ●

GERARD DAMIANO

(Continued from page 57)

FLICK: I understand *The Devil in Miss Jones* was made on a very small budget. Were there many problems because of this?

DAMIANO: It was shot in the apartment of my production manager. There was no furniture. In the opening sequence, she's sitting in front of a bureau that was a cocktail table piled on two apple boxes

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with a mirror stuck on the wall. In the suicide scene, I had a special effects man who just couldn't do what I wanted. He was trying to conceal a packet of stage blood, and it just didn't work. But what I did was go in tight and fill in an entire screen with a razor blade and slowly, deliberately, cut a wrist. There was no way in the world you could do that unless you said to yourself, "I *can* do it." And it was done so simply. I took some mortician's wax, applied it to the wrist, and the razor blade actually cut into the mortician's wax. And then it was simply a matter of putting blood on the opposite side of the razor, so that when the razor went in it rubbed off. It was almost like jelly on a knife as you wipe it off. It wasn't a fake shot, but it was damn simple . . . and I know that Hollywood wouldn't have done that. They would have spent over $10,000 on it, but for me that suicide scene was important because the film takes place after she dies. I had to convince the audience that she dies. It was also very horrific. This was an obscene thing—to see a woman slice her wrist that realistically. But because of it, you then believe everything else. The psychology behind the vulnerability of being naked in a tub is devastating. There's no way out. You get that trapped feeling because there's no way out of a tub. And people psychologically feel very vulnerable in bathrooms. Incidentally, bathrooms are the only rooms in the average house that have locks.

FLICK: For films like Miss Jones and others—how do you go about casting for them?

DAMIANO: You know, people obviously assume that when you're filming sexually explicit material, there's some sort of party. Everybody's continually going around getting laid. But I have a—not puritanical—but moralistic approach to X-rated films, because, for me, nothing else works. I have no objections to people smoking grass, but no one smokes grass on my set because you become less productive than you normally would. You may have a better insight into what's happening, but what you do falls apart. In order to convince everyone that we're here to make a movie, I have to convince everybody that there's no screwing around on my set. Nobody gets laid, ever! Only the people that are working. If we're working on a sexually explicit scene, we're doing it for real, but my production manager is not making it with the script girl and my actor is not partying with the actor—that's nonsense. We're here to do a job.

FLICK: Well, how do you get them excited to the point where they ball when they're supposed to?

DAMIANO: First of all, don't get the idea that we are so businesslike that we aren't having a ball, because every person working for me is grooving on the job of making a film, and that's the excitement of it. Then you have to find the right people for the right job. Now, this has nothing to do with sexual prowess. The most important thing, obviously, are the women, but the pitfalls are with the men. Women can fake sex, and if they're good actresses they can do a good job, but a man has to perform. You cannot fake that.

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It has to be there. Now, a man can be a great lover off-screen, that doesn't mean he can perform *on* the screen, and vice versa. You have to look for exhibitionistic tendencies in your actors and actresses. Some people are turned on by the audience—*sexually* turned on. I know a lot of people who are into partying and swinging. They need to perform. They need the applause. This turns them on. I look for that in a male. If I can get an exhibitionist who can act as well, then I just give him a bigger part—and I have to differentiate—this guy is a great actor, but he can't ball—this guy is a good fucker, but he can't act. And then I write accordingly, then direct, and then edit exactly what I have in mind to fit each individual person. I never ask someone to do what they can't do, because I'm only kidding myself. If I have a scene where I'm looking for anal balling, it's silly for me to use a girl or a guy who's not turned on by it. It's so much easier to find a couple that are turned on to it and then use them. I never, never get anybody to do anything that's going to make them uncomfortable.

FLICK: In order to decide if they're appropriate, do you invite them in and test them out?

DAMIANO: No. Because that wouldn't work at all. I put them through a mental screen test. I used to ask people what they like to do but because invariably actors and actresses will say, 'I like to do anything,' I stopped. By asking them what they like, I got the same answer: 'I like to do everything.' But when we came down to the nitty-gritty, they'd say I like to do everything except that, or I can't do that. So what I started asking them was, What *don't* you like to do? Then they would give me a list of the things they didn't like. This was my clue. Then I knew what they really got turned on to, because it's very hard in a cold interview to ask a person to tell you something as personal as sex, and what they really groove on. I can also let them understand that I would *never ever* make them uncomfortable. Now, some of the actresses would say, 'There's nothing I don't like to do—it just depends on the man.' They were saying that if there was someone I was not turned on to or was incompatible with my personality—that would make it difficult. Then, the clue would be to put the two of them together, not sexually, but mentally, and they would sit down and talk. If the girl didn't have an affinity for a certain gentleman, I would get her someone else. After awhile, it became a lot easier, because it almost became like a closed society of actors and actresses in X-rated films. So you almost knew everybody. But, for me, I would almost continually look for new females, but try to hold on to the guys that proved that they could perform, and then there was the matter of structuring the film so that this particular person could do his role without too much trouble. *Deep Throat* was an ideal example. It was written for Linda Lovelace—it was *her*. She was just playing herself. If I had given her something else, she would not have been successful. But the important thing for me, as a director, is that I can communicate with anyone, on their particular level, who works for me.

FLICK: In the scene in *Devil in Miss Jones* where Georgina Spelvin has two guys fucking her—did you do that in a single take?

DAMIANO: No. First I concentrated on Miss Spelvin's face and the dialogue. The stream of consciousness in her face and the energy in that was important. So, first I went to the close-up of her face without any balling. There was just one body under her, and the other one over her, and I shot the scene from beginning to end of her dialogue. Then we went back and actually did the mechanics.

FLICK: You've made several new films since *Deep Throat* and *Devil in Miss Jones*. Which of your more recent films gave you the most personal satisfaction?

DAMIANO: I'd say it was *Memories of Miss Aggie*. Basically, it was an extension of *Devil in Miss Jones*. It's like, you make a statement of *Devil in Miss Jones* and in reviewing the statement, there are many things that happen to you in life, and you reflect when you come to a crossroads. You can take the left or the right, and then you reflect years later what would have happened if you had taken the other turn. And *Memories of Miss Aggie* is just that. Because of the emptiness in Miss Jones, she takes her life, and we find out what happens to her after that. But what would have happened to Miss Jones if she had not taken her life . . . if she had lived out her life in the same bleakness—that same emptiness of non-communication with another human being because that's what we're dealing with. The loneliness of an existence. It goes nowhere and has nothing to look back on. Aggie is Miss Jones continuing out her life in that same emptiness. Both examples show that the end result had to be tragic. There was no warmth, no love, no human experience by which to draw on, so that ultimately the end had to be tragic. It was an opportunity for me as a filmmaker to go back and take the other fork in the road, but also to realize that somehow, no matter which way we turn, things really don't change. *We* have to change. If we can't change, then everything that happens to us remains the same. My other new film, *Portrait*, is a statement in that it's a nonstatement. I think *Portrait's* social significance is the mere fact that it has absolutely no social significance.

FLICK: In other words, you're saying that you just wanted to make a film and just put as much sex in it as you could just for the sake of sex?

DAMIANO: Right.

FLICK: And people were expecting you to make a significant film, and you didn't?

DAMIANO: Right!

Why must anybody have to socially redeem sexually explicit material? There is nothing else in the world we have to redeem. Hitchcock doesn't have to have social significance in his suspense. Where is the moralistic value of a horror film or a thriller or even a musical?

FLICK: Is that the reason you made *Portrait?*

DAMIANO: I made *Portrait* to say that it is not necessary to make a statement. An artist ought to be able to make any kind of film he wants to without any kind of justification and an audience should be able to see any kind of film it wants to without the justification needed so they won't have guilt complexes about it. Maybe I can simplify it by saying in my younger days we used to go and see burlesque. Every Friday or Saturday night, all the guys would jump in the car and go over to the Hudson Theater, but none of us ever went over to see the girls. We went there to listen to the comics because they were funny, which was bullshit. I'll tell you why it was bullshit. The following: when they gave you the coming attractions, they never told you which comedians would be there, but they always billed the star lady. Everyone went to see the girls, but they couldn't say they were going to see a girl take off her clothes. They had to say they were going to see the comics. They needed justification. And this is the sad point. Why was that necessary? Many people saw for the first time *Deep Throat* because of the comedy, because it became an "in" thing. Nobody wanted to see a girl swallow a penis. They didn't go to see that. They went to hear the jokes, etc. That's bullshit. But they had to justify it. You had to give them a reason. *Portrait* is saying that the last step to our awareness of our sexual freedom is to say that we do not have to justify—that we are, that we exist, that we should be allowed to do anything that turns us on so long as we are consenting adults, and we should be allowed to reject anything that turns us off.

FLICK: How do you go about keeping something erotic, like cocksucking, from getting dull?

DAMIANO: There was a school of thought in the early days of film-making that, if you showed a breast, that would be all the audience would be interested in. If it was not an attractive breast, this really didn't matter. If your lighting was bad, or if your movement was bad, it really didn't

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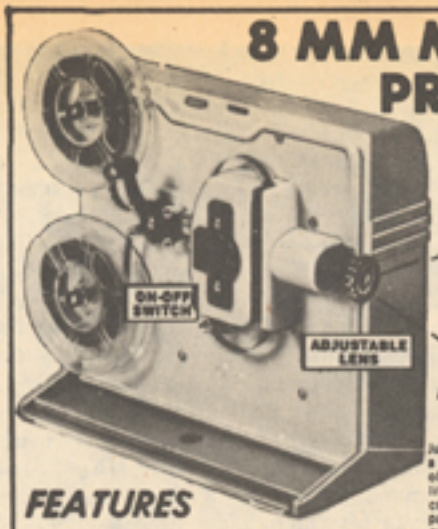

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matter. But now I realize that it does matter. You have to see that you never play down to your audience. Your audience is a hell of a lot more intelligent than almost every creative person gives them credit for. They're constantly working down to the audience. If something bores the hell out of me, it's also going to bore my audience. I can no longer get away with 'they won't notice.' They *do* notice! Their asses start to hurt. They squirm in their seats, and you insult their intelligence. So if it's boring to me, and I have a financial interest in it, it's twice as boring to my audience. So, using that criteria that my audience is not that stupid, I don't allow a scene to run longer than it's entertaining. Even then, thank God, I have the ability to go back and look at my films and not be turned on by them. If I'm to grow as a filmmaker, I can never be satisfied with yesterday. In looking at my films, I think they're terrible. They were fine for that particular moment. They were honest as I could possibly make them at that particular time, but looking now at *Deep Throat*, I find it amateurish. There were many many things about *The Devil in Miss Jones* that I would have done differently—not then, because I didn't know any better. Hopefully, in six months, I'll feel the same way about Miss Aggie. Right now, I'm through. But I'm sure that if I grow as an individual, I cannot be satisfied with anything I've done. I hope I never change that.

FLICK: How do you go about sustaining erotic interest of a feature-length porno movie?

DAMIANO: It's impossible. Sex in and of itself is boring. There is a level of interest that is very shortly satiated. What you have to do is to bring in variety, which is a whole lot of different things. I try to create things with light and mood. In *Portrait*, I did a great deal of work with color gels. Some of the scenes were blue. Others were green. I was trying to make it interesting to myself as an artist, and still understand that there is a tendency here to bore the audience. I had to make as much of a variation in the action and the presentation of the action as possible to keep it interesting because the physical act of making love is boring. The physical act of love is probably only thirty per cent of the over-all act. That's why people might be screwing more now and enjoying it less. You have to deal with the psychological aspect of love. Most people think they can satisfy their sexual needs by masturbating, but they cannot because then there is no psychological aspect. Two people being in love—it's more exciting. The average person cannot really get off by paying a hooker. She gets him physically, but destroys him psychologically. A woman going to bed with a man to further her own position can't be satisfied because she's committing the physical act of sex, but there's nothing mental to it. In viewing film, I think the same holds true. The physical aspect of a girl going down on a guy, if that's all you have, is boring. I tried to present it in such a way that it would not be boring. But I understand that it is. I tried to break it up by putting in a pantomime scene that I hope the audience will like, just to break up the monotony. Now, when I give the very best that I can put into it, and it still doesn't work, then I think we come to the ultimate reason why there is no such thing as pornographic films. It has to be something else. There has to be more to it (than just explicit sex). A stream of sexual consciousness is a bore. You have to have a film, you have to have good actors, you have to have a story, you have to have a reason for the film's existence—then, within that framework, if there is a need for a small amount of sexually explicit material, then you will excite an audience. And that's where it should be. But to have just a loop of sexually explicit material is dumb and boring and ridiculous, but until we were able to do that, we would never know. I've done it, and now I know. I hope that by now everyone else knows. Now I think pornography is all over. The only thing that will sustain an audience is good entertainment. ●

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